

**Elton John F/ Sting****"The Sermon"**

Visit "[The Sermon](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yo yo yo yo, yo  
Turn my mic up some.. turn my mic up some..  
Turn my mic, check check, check, turn my mic up some  
Almighty, uhh..

[Verse One]

Lord forgive me now  
This be the best way I know how, to get this out  
I can't sing so I have to bounce  
Even though, that's not what my style's about  
I hate this world, sometimes it gets me  
when family and friends are not friendly  
I just don't get it - so I sit home  
in the bassment lights low on the mic and spit it  
They plot, to get my scratch  
Not knowin the time to get where I'm at now  
In my face, like I owe 'em somethin  
Handout from me, and never did nuttin (word up)  
They're mad at me, like I changed  
It's hard on me Lord, it's wreckin my brain  
Is it me? I know it can't be  
So I ask you, please help me, now

[Chorus: R. Kelly - \*sampled\*]

Sometimes I laugh, tryin to keep from cryin  
If I was plain out of luck, then tell me who could I trust  
See I work so hard, just to get ahead  
If it wasn't for God, I'd probably be dead

[Verse Two]

Uhh, I laugh when ain't nuttin funny  
Meanwhile cats wanna count my money  
Plan on me, to get jumped or somethin  
Plot-ting like E's punk or somethin  
Feels so strange, how I maintain  
to last in the game, throughout my fame  
I'm focused man, the E stay the same  
Hate when folks call me out my name  
Damn Lord, heal my body  
Cause I'm mad enough to kill somebody  
Even hard to trust my lady

Did she lock me down to have my baby?  
I know she love me - damn it's nuttin  
The world's so corrupt, it got me buggin  
Uhh, I wanna move away like (?)  
Y'all feel me - yo, R. Kelly

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Huh, yo, huh  
The game changed, damn I should quit  
Can't get respect, without havin a hit  
Someone somewhere talkin shit  
Got fake cats in my clique  
But I deal with the cards that's dealt  
Try to make music that's heartfelt  
Still doin eighty on the Belt'  
In the Escalade, with Dolce shades  
I've been paid, now what's left?  
I guess, should I stress life or death (huh?)  
Sometimes I wanna end it all  
Live at peace, with 'Pac and Smalls  
Can't do that, got fam at the crib  
My moms, my pops, my girl and my kids (uh-huh)  
.. open my eyes  
So I ask you, please help me, now

[Chorus]

Visit [Elton John F/ Sting](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.